

RESTORATION

Vol. III.

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No. 5.

Christ's Words Grow Warm and Clear Again

By Catherine de Hueck

Dear Friend—Yes, the series of LETTERS TO A SEMINARIAN is finished, and will soon appear in book form, thanks to the Bruce Publishing Co. of Milwaukee. I know you have been patiently waiting for the completion of these letters. I realize too that you have been hoping that my next "series" (it seems I am always writing letters to someone about God and the things of God!) will be addressed to you, and the many people like you, who are interested in the LAY APOSTOLATE, FRIENDSHIP HOUSE STYLE, and who are just waiting for the clarification of its somewhat strange and "new" vocation.

Well, your waiting time is over. Shamefacedly I contemplate the many many letters written by youth from all over the U.S.A. and Canada, written too by priests and nuns, asking about this Apostolate of ours, that the knowledge may be passed on through the confessional, the class room, and other series of letters.

I should have started answering all these letters many years ago. Yet it is well I tarried. For time, God, and His grace, clarified for me this vocation of ours as nothing else could have done. I place this series, as I did all the others, in the hands of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Wisdom and Love, the Giver of all vocations, even that humblest one . . . the Lay Apostolate—Friendship House style.

A Way of Life

Make no mistake, Friend. It takes a real vocation, a SPECIAL CALL OF GOD to become a Staff Worker of Friendship House. For our Apostolate is first a way of life, and then a work in the Market Place, where all Lay Apostles are working.

Like all special calls of the Holy Ghost, like all vocations, you will have to check yours with a man specially appointed by God to discern the truth of falsity of these calls. With a priest. You may be interested in our works . . . our way of life may attract you, in the natural order, and this may be a sign . . . but in order to become one of us you must make sure, by consulting a priest. Your confessor, your spiritual director, or your Pastor.

We too must know, that your call has the blessing, the approbation, and the approval of this man of God. In fact we will ask you to submit, with your letter of application, a letter from him. What is more, we shall write to him personally, to check this call of yours and your suitability for our Apostolate. Unless we do this, you may be wasting your time and ours . . . and the time God has allotted to you for your salvation. Time must not be wasted.

How's Your Health?

Then we will ask you to give us a health certificate made within the preceding 30 days so we can be certain

Among The Lonely Hills

W. C. Dwyer

"How do you stand it here? The monotony, the darkness of the night! A forsaken place! No shows, no night clubs, no beer parlors, no cocktail lounges, no lights! Nothing but the bark of a dog, the screech of an owl, or the bleat of a lamb to break the 'awful' stillness!" Thus, invariably, the city visitor asks, if he happens to stop on his way through.



One heart and one soul

Some people would have you believe that about all you can hear in the rural sections is the clanging of cow-bells, the raucous crowing of roosters, and the insidious hum of stinging insects. Their conclusion is that the country is no place in which to live.

There are too few people . . . the place is too small . . . the chances for 'success' are nil.

Big Tin Horns

People who have similar ideas are tin-horn blowers and worshippers of bigness. There is a pipe-dream of big cities, big towns, big works, big crowds, big this and big that.

The big town considers itself superior to the small town. The small town rather pities the small village or hamlet—This all comes under the heading of worship of bigness.

Prejudices that are detrimental in many respects flow from the idolization of bigness.

One of the most flagrant is the idea that there is no enjoyment in this life unless one is elbowing his way through a large crowd. There is no appreciation of quality

you are strong enough to live this strange life of ours, filled with poverty and hard work; hardy enough to live with the poor and in the midst of harsh, lonely, distant, and new surroundings. Mental and physical health is a pre-requisite of a vocation to the Lay Apostolate Friendship House style.

Your baptismal certificate will be yet another "document" required for admission, for only Catholics can become members of our Inner Circle.

When we have talked to you, personally or by mail, and received all the assurances mentioned above of your eligibility . . . you will have to wait yet a while . . . for we shall take counsel among ourselves, and with God, about you. And only if, and when, we feel that God and we, in all sincerity and truth, find you acceptable, will you receive a letter of acceptance. That will, in a manner of speaking, put the seal on your vocation to Friendship House.

It takes all this to check a special call of God. Your attraction to it. The blessing and approval of a priest on it. And the acceptance of the organization to which you apply, be it as small and as humble as our little portion of God's Vineyard.

What Is It?

At this point, you may as well ask . . . WHAT MANNER OF LIFE . . . WHAT TYPE OF VOCATION . . . WHAT KIND OF APOSTOLIC WORKS . . . WHAT IS THIS LAY APOSTOLATE . . . FRIENDSHIP HOUSE STYLE?

I would have to answer, that, to our days, it is both strange and new, even though it began while Christ the Lord was on this earth. It was born in His own words, addressed to a crowd of "little ones," like you and me, the ordinary, people of their day, to whom He said . . . GO YE AND PREACH THE GOSPEL.

Perhaps I should stop here . . . and simply say that THIS IS OUR LIFE . . . THIS IS OUR VOCATION . . . THIS IS OUR APOSTOLATE OF FRIENDSHIP HOUSE . . . TO PREACH THE GOSPEL . . . BY LIVING IT IN THE MARKET

(Continued on Page Three)

Priest Gives Lessons On Racing To Christ

(The author, an American Catholic Priest, wishes to remain anonymous.)

In the February issue of RESTORATION, I read an invitation to priests to become saints, in order that the laity also might become saints.

The idea is very good. But, in my humble opinion, it is not complete. St. Paul compared sanctification to a race. So the idea is not precisely to tell others how to run. "You run, and we shall follow your example!" Rather, as in a race, let us all begin together, and see who will get there first and win the prize.

St. Paul adds that in order to win a temporal reward, those who run abstain from all kinds of things. And he says we also should abstain from many things in order to make sure of our salvation.

"Do you not know that those who run in a race, all indeed run . . . and everyone in a contest abstains from all things, and they indeed to receive a perishable crown, but we an imperishable." 1 Cor. 9:24-25.

We Begin Now

I would say that, just as in a race, if some refuse to begin, we should not wait for them lest we lose the race. Let us begin at once, and this each day. Invite others; yet, without waiting, without losing time so precious, let us run.

Even this is not complete. For all masters in spiritual life tell us that in order to sanctify ourselves we must do many things. These are well known. There is silence, prayer, work, doing God's will at all times. But there is something that is most important. It is called the interior life.

Now interior life is the source of all holiness. We must also live exteriorly, most of us; but interior life is the source of both faith and love. And faith is the foundation. Faith means to know God as He knows Himself, so far as this is possible in faith, in the obscurity of faith, here on earth. Later, in heaven, it will be to know Him in the clear intuition.

Now, on earth, in order to build this faith and make it as solid as possible, we must know God. On earth, again, how do we know things? By study.

We Start Now

Taking the very same thought as St. Paul, I would say, "See how children run daily to school, and this for years . . . and again, this for a temporal learning . . . just for this life on earth. So we also, in order to build up our faith, should run daily to God's school."

God speaks to us through the Pope, through the Holy Scriptures. Also we find, in tradition, many good points. But we must discern carefully the genuine traditions from the false ones. Pope Pius XII warns us on this point. The tradition that holiness is built on prayer and silence, so far as this is possible with the fulfillment of our duties, seems to be a genuine tradition. So we may follow it.

Duty means God's will. This comes first. Even prayer may be postponed to perform a duty. But prayer is necessary. In prayer, we find grace, light, the rest that we need to work better. And prayer begins with faith. So, to know the One to Whom we pray is most important.

Learn About God

Now how can we learn about God? Pope Pius XII here gives us very wise advice. He says: "If we would approach at least a little towards perceiving this truth, let us not neglect the method recommended by the Vatican Council in similar cases. Seeking light so as to discern, at least partially, the hidden things of God, the Council finds it in comparing these mysteries one with the other and with the last end towards which they point" (Mystical Body, Nu. 95).

It is the very thought of St. Paul speaking, or better writing, to the Corinthians in his first letter C.2:13 "These things we also speak, . . . combining spiritual with spiritual."

This combination is really a game . . . of love. To compare the texts with the dogmas, and the sayings of the Popes on these matters, is an intellectual game that I would compare to a jig-saw puzzle.

There you have a picture to complete. The little blocks are scattered all over. The game is to put them together in order to find the original picture.

We Want Christ

Here, in our study of faith, the picture is Christ. If you compare texts from the Gospels and St. Paul, and the prophets, and all this with dogmas, you are certain to obtain a safe and certain doctrine. For you build on the rock. And this picture should be of Christ.

For all Scriptures are "for teaching . . . for instructing in justice . . ." 2 Tim. 3:16. What a beautiful hobby for either a priest or a lay man who can do it! To read, then to compare. Pius XII is your guide. His Encyclicals are filled with these thoughts. Next month we shall continue this beautiful subject.

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

THE SACRED HEART OF CHRIST... Symbol of a love that had to die for the love of men... of each and every individual who has left, is, or will be, in its immense ranks from the dawn to the end of time!

Incomprehensible... infinite... tremendous love of God for man! Yet how little it seems to affect us moderns! There are even those amongst us who shiver with distaste at the thought of this living, warm symbol of Christ's love for us.

Usually they are the learned ones, the artistic ones, whose knowledge, of sorts, has made them supersensitive to the simplicity of Faith as shown by the "little ones" of Christ. They shudder at the thought of A HEART, represented by the popular conception of this anatomical muscle, often portrayed with a burning flame issuing from its top, and the whole lying in the hand of God, Who is pictured as extending it to the passer-by.

They see in this, poor or "popular art," and "bad taste." They dislike, anyhow, the sentimental appeal of the whole idea. They prefer to retire into their austere and cold intellectual approach to God. They refuse to be moved by symbols, or to accept this ever growing, ever spreading devotion.

Yet where is THE INTELLECT that can encompass the whole idea of LOVE WHO IS GOD, which lies behind the crude, humble, yet loving attempts of men who, either in writing, speaking, or painting, have tried to express the symbol of that Love... Christ's Sacred Heart?

Two thousand years ago this heart was HISTORICALLY pierced with a lance... Blood and water FLOWED from it... AND TIME STOOD STILL, WHILE NATURE WEPT. From that day onward, humanity has found refuge in that Wounded Heart. From that day onward, humanity has "walked" through its gaping wound, to jeer, to mock, to wound deeper... to be consoled and to console... to learn to love, as it has been loved... to lose itself utterly in the sea of its love.

THE SACRED HEART OF CHRIST! What other words can our human minds, tongues, or lips, devise, speak or form... to express HIS LOVE FOR US? Over and over again HE HIMSELF spoke of the "sadness," the "loneliness," the "hunger" of His Heart, for our Love... or for the lack of it.

Let us be done with a certain type of intellectualism for a while. Let us lay aside too the pitiful trappings of our human knowledge. Let us throw overboard our ridiculous estheticism. LET US PLUNGE INTO THAT GAPING WOUND OF GOD'S HEART. Let us console It with our love. Let us fill Its Infinite Hunger... with the total gift of ourselves... our families... our homes. Let us offer, for Its sake... our own, poor, weak, unworthy human hearts... to the lance of ridicule... and opprobrium... to the sword of death if need be... all for the sake of HIS HEART.

Let us begin to understand that behind the childish, human symbolism that humble lovers of Christ use in an effort to express THE INEXPRESSIBLE... lies a truth... so deep... so profound... so immense that should we ever come to understand one-millionth of it... we would already behold part of the Beatific Vision.

Let us begin to learn to love... and to console... the SACRED HEART OF CHRIST. FOR THIS IS THE ACCEPTABLE TIME... THIS TIME OF DESOLATION... AND ABOMINATION... THAT SURROUNDS US... AND WOUNDS HIM SO DEEPLY. YES... LET US BEGIN TO LEARN TO LOVE... FOR LOVE ALONE CAN RESTORE US AND THE WORLD WE LIVE IN... TO GOD... TO PEACE... TO HAPPINESS.

PAX XTI

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

For some time now a blind man has been following me. Go where I may, I cannot shake him. I think I've lost him, and I feel him standing close by, grinning at me. I steal into my room and shut the door, but he comes right in after me. I wake, and find him looking at me.

If I go to church, the priest talks about him during the sermon. If I turn on the radio someone discusses him. If I open a book, there is his picture. If I am silent, I hear him crying out, "Son of David, that I may see!"

The fellow haunts me—the blind man Jesus cured. He has been cured, yet he is still blind. He keeps explaining that to me over and over and over again. By day and by night.

"Yes, I am blind again. All my life I was blind. And then suddenly I heard of the Son of David, the son of God. And I cried out to Him. And I saw. I looked up and saw the face of Jesus. And I asked to be blinded again that I might never see a lesser glory."

To Bless or Curse Me

The blind man gives me no peace. He's got me thinking of what it must be like, suddenly to look full into the face of Jesus.

You read of many of the saints who have seen that face in their ecstasies, in their visions. You read of a few who saw that face repeatedly during their lives—and wonder that they didn't die of overpowering joy and beauty at the first glance—or of overwhelming fear.

You realize, after a time, that they would have died had not God sustained them.

I keep wondering what it would be like to see the face of Christ while one still lives—as Peter saw it. Peter who three times denied that he knew the Man. As Mary Magdalen saw it. Or as Judas Iscariot saw it, after his last kiss.

And I keep wondering how it will be when I do see it—when He comes to judge me for heaven or for hell. Will it show mercy then, or justice? Will it smile or frown upon me? Will it bless or curse me?

To Have — To Hold

I am pretty sure that if I should see the holy face with these two living eyes, I too should ask the grace of blindness; the better to hold what had been given me.

The blind man takes me to the Prophet Job. "With mine own eyes shall I see God." He takes me to St. Therese, "the little flower." She was also Therese "of the Holy Face." He takes me to Fatima where Our Lady pleaded for penance and prayers. Pray for Russia and the Russians. He takes me to many people, to many places.

A Polish newspaper in Chicago publishes a purported interview with Theresa Neumann, the German mystic. It claims she prophesied recently that a terrible persecution of the church will soon begin.

Many eminent Catholic bishops and cardinals believe that a third world war is imminent, and that the Church will suffer.

There have been many prophecies about the rise of Anti-Christ. One of these was to the effect that he lives now, and is getting ready to take over the world if he can.

Prepared for Death

A friend of mine writes to

say he believes we shall have plenty of martyrs soon.

"It does seem significant for Cardinal Spellman to advise us here in the United States to be prepared for death," his letter reads in part, "and to follow up with a quotation of Our Lord to the apostles... 'When you shall see the abomination of desolation...'"

"The danger must be most real and most urgent to have him address such a warning to us."

Then he tells me that when he was a boy he happened to read, in the story of St. Theresa of Avila, that she and her brother wanted to run away to the Pagans, that they might be killed as martyrs and thus go immediately to heaven.

The idea of martyrdom has been in his mind every since that time, and is in his mind today.



Right or Wrong?

"Lord, that I may see!"

Maybe all the indications of war are wrong, are wrought out of fear and hate and misunderstandings. Maybe the devil only seems more active than usual, "going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." Maybe we are just imagining all kinds of terrors, because, like the blind man who shadows me, we cannot see.

Or maybe there IS going to be the worst persecution the Church has known in all its history of persecution. And maybe you and I, and Oscar over there, and Shenanigan, asleep in his comfortable rocking chair, are all going to be tortured and butchered for our faith.

The thing is—can we take it?

Suppose you were treated as Cardinal Mindszenty, or Archbishop Stepinac, or as countless other sons of the Church were treated, could you still stand up and praise the name of God?

It would be wonderful to die for Christ. We all admit that. Even the worst of sinners—if he is still a Catholic—will say that's the way he'd like to die. He may say it only to himself, but he'll say it.

A Martyr's Soul

Imagine what the face of Jesus would be like to the eyes of a martyr's soul!

But how much torture can we take before we forget the joy that waits us in the next world? How long can we remain Catholics under the subtle and the brutal torture of the Russian Reds? How good a Catholic must one be, not to weaken?

Would the blind man who had looked into the loving face of Christ forget those features if he were drugged and tortured? Would the voice that cried out to the Son of David for the grace

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The B's Corner

We are going to have a Summer School of Catholic Action this Summer at Madonna House, Combermere, Ont., Canada. But I wonder if our simple little get-together deserves the big, high-sounding name of SUMMER SCHOOL. That seems to convey immense buildings, rigid schedules, a big and imposing faculty. We shall have none of these things.

True, I hope that there will be enough interested young people—between the ages of 16-60—to come to Madonna House this July, to spend one week with us, praying, working, living together, and talking together about God.

There will be schedules of course, for there must be the tranquility of God's Order about people and apostolates dedicated to Him. The discussions will be planned. There will be priests, young, zealous masters of their subjects, and there will be lay people to help out, and to direct the stream of hours into ordered channels.

Mass Comes First

The day will start with Mass. Breakfast and Prime, the morning prayer of the Church, will follow. There will be chores to do. There always are, when many people come together. Then there will be one lecture on the Mystical Body, and Catholic Action. Then dinner, a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, a few chores, and two more lectures. One on The Mass and Catholic Action, the other on "It all goes Together." After then, supper, dishwashing, Compline, the Rosary... games, fun... rest... reading... or three times a week, a Seminar for discussions on any topic pertaining to Catholic Action.

Such is the curriculum of the little summer school of Madonna House. Who will the priests be? Does it matter? Names are not important. They will come because they are interested in the subject, and in the apostolate of F.H. in Canada. I will teach. So will other lay folks.

Fundamentally, we will learn, live, work, and pray all together. And that is what matters, is it not?

Opens July 1

The school will open on July first. The duration of each course will be ONE week. There will be three similar weeks in the whole time, and there will be one week that will have an extra feature... THE RURAL APOSTOLATE. There will be, altogether, four weeks of studies this year. The four weeks of July.

The price of board, room, and tuition, is \$20 a week. Frankly, we state that the accommodations are comfortable but primitive. There is no running water in St. Joseph House, the home of the students. Just an old fashioned pump. There is no inside plumbing either.

There is the lovely wide Madawaska river to bathe in daily, but there are no "lockers." There are no "private rooms" either, just rooms with beds in them, dormitory style.

All is very simple, very plain, but Combermere is a lovely place. Our little white-church by the blue-river is close. There is fun in a week spent like this. If you are interested, if you can rough it, if you want to pray, work, study, laugh, sing, and dance together... write to us soon, for we cannot accommodate more than 15 people a week.

COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

It is nice to be home. True in my checkered life, I have had many "homes." But during the last twenty years, Friendship House, the one I was in for the time being, was home to me. And since, by the grace of God, I am now at Madonna House, Friendship House's first branch in Canada, this is indeed HOME. I come back to it with all the joy and zest of a heart in love with it and what it stands for. Yes, it is nice to be home, to see old friends again, to pick up the threads of the apostolate once more.

The first "thread" was the mail. Fortunately Millie Heifner, who belongs to the Chicago F.H., but was visiting with us, was a stenographer. So answering the big mail, that always waits for my return from lecture trips, did not take too long. I was glad, for I hate to keep friends waiting for answers.

The next step was to straighten out things. So much accumulates during my absence. Magazines, goods, chores. All kinds of things wait to be straightened out. With that part I am nearly finished now.

Hark, The Lark

Facing me, though, is the preparation for the Summer School on Catholic Action, which we are going to run again this year. As you will read in another part of this issue, that is quite a job. But we face it joyfully and gladly, for what better way is there to spend one's summer than to be busy about our Father's business, and to talk about God and the things of God with people zealous and eager in His service?

As I go through our two Houses — Madonna and St. Joseph — I see many needs. One of them, strangely enough, is space. We need another cottage in which to house our "faculty." Thanks to God's graciousness we have enough cash to build it. But we would be happy to get the little extras that are always needed in cases like this. Wash basins, soap dishes, plastic tumblers and their holders, scatter rugs, curtains, curtain rods, mir-

rors; and, of course BLANKETS . . . SHEETS . . . PILLOWS . . . AND PILLOWCASES, that our Reverend faculty may sleep soundly, restfully, and warmly.

Then there are stamps. Yes, we collect stamps, any kind of used stamps from any place in the world. If you have any to spare, send them to Madonna House directly, Combermere, Ont., Canada.

Meet Adolph

BUT, if you are a collector, and want to EXCHANGE stamps, or to buy some special ones . . . then I give you Mr. Adolph Pecoskie also of Combermere. Write to him directly. Slim, blue eyed, young, Adolph is a farmer. His lovely young wife Kathleen and two little boys make up his household. He is in the chicken business, and is a truck gardener as well. BUT his hobby is stamp collecting. And you should see his albums. He knows everything there is to know about stamps. If you doubt me . . . write him and find out the truth.

April is the month of our "begging letter." We send out two such letters a year. In April and in November. Their returns, and what we make by writing and lecturing, is what keeps Madonna House going through the year. Once in a while a special donation may come to help out, but such cases are rare.

That is why in April and November our minds run on our needs . . . those over and above the cash we beg during these two months. And as I survey our needs for this time . . . I find that . . . rug wool and remnants of all kind of materials that can be cut up for making rugs (hooked and crocheted) top the list. Laundry soap, toilet soap, and tooth paste come next. Crochet hooks and knitting needles, all sizes and lengths, are welcomed. Books for our children's library. Pie plates, cake and muffin tins, kitchen knives, especially little paring knives are on the list too, with CLOTHING for adults, babies and youth.

Yes . . . our needs are always with us . . . as are those of our friends in Christ.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

of sight, cry out to his torturers for surcease of pain? Would the man who had fallen on his knees before the Son of God, pray on his knees to the sons of Stalin? He might not. Or he might.

We are all blind men, in a way. We all cry out for the gift of sight. What will we do with the gift if we receive it?

Stalin or Satan

We are all blind men, in a way. And, in a way, we all have looked upon the lovely face of Christ. Will we deny it? Will we betray it? Will we forewear its beauty in the fear of Satan or of Stalin?

Or will we joyously suffer blindness again — even the blindness of death — to keep the glory of that face undimmed?

"I saw the face of God," the blind man keeps telling me. "That's all I ever want to see, all I ever want to remember. I saw the face of God. Nobody can make me forget that but myself. If I live blind to everything else, then I shall die blind to all else. Which means that I

shall never die, I shall look upon that face forever."

I've got so I don't mind the blind man's tagging after me. He's sort of comforting, you know, in these uncomfortable days.

AMONG THE LONELY

(Continued from Page One)

In small things and few people. Most people cannot see that something simple can be truly great. Moreover, if one carries this worshipping of bigness to its logical conclusion, one gets the same results as Hitler or Stalin obtained, namely, that might is right and if you have enough "bigness" you can defy God and conquer the world.

The god of bigness usually bites his adorers!

Tinkle Little Drop

The tinkle of the cow-bell (to country people) is the simple prelude in G Major (good measure) to a flood of rich milk. They tell me they have milking cows now, in large city museums, to show their mechanized dwellers that milk really comes from cows and not from tin-cans in a machine.

The hum of an insect in

the country is far more pleasant than the loud guffaws and whisky squeals of a city insect called the jitterbug.

You fairly fly through these small villages you tourists, leaving a cloud of dust behind you. You scarcely look to right or left. The distant city is your journey's end. A mere village is of little interest to you, because it is so small and straggling. Being a devotee of the deity of bigness, it would be beneath your dignity to lift even an eyebrow at the infinitesimal spot called a village.

But don't you remember? It was in a certain little hamlet, perhaps, where you first met the life partner at your side, or where you received the inspiration and the training that fitted you for the grand position you now hold.

Small Town, Big Men

I know many a little place, where main street straggles up hill and down; where, from a vantage point on the steps of the parish church, you can pick out a score of homes that sent out men and women to fill high thrones in the religious, business, or scientific world.

Don't turn up your nose at a village, nor curl your lip. Because when you do, you are sneering at the hope of a nation. Also remember, it was a small place that gave birth to Christ, a small place that reared him.

I have noticed the youth from the farm or the village potato-patch, when they see that "snappy" roadster flashing through, lose some of the lustre in their eyes.

By comparison, their own "existence" dulls in the presence of the seeming luxury and carefree life of the city butterfly, as exemplified by the gleaming car and its occupants.

Then too, the parents of these youths, having lost the spirit of rural living through commercial propaganda and a loosening of Christian principles, are continually "chewing" about all the work they have to do, and the small financial returns they receive. They feel very sorry for themselves.

This whining, day in and day out, the sour attitude of parents, the big attraction of a monthly pay-check, and the siren call of the city soon drive the country boy and girl to the metropolis. Alas!



PRAYERS

By
Caryll Houselander
For
The Mysteries of the Rosary

The Annunciation

Descend,
Holy Spirit of Life!
Come down into our hearts,
that we may live.
Descend into emptiness,
that emptiness
may be filled.
Descend into the dust,
that the dust may flower.
Descend into the dark,
that the light
may shine in darkness.

CHRIST'S WORDS GROW

(Continued from Page One)

PLACE.

But I must try to clarify the very simplicity of such a statement, must try to explain further the almost obvious, for our tragic world and the men in it have wandered far from the direct simplicity of words . . . especially words spoken by God.

Then again, maybe, I want to go further. For, when one tries to explain something to someone else, one learns also, in the process.

What Christ Meant

At first people understood what Christ meant. They arose and followed Him as humble Lay Apostles . . . Him and His first Apostles. Later they followed the bishops and priests the Apostles had consecrated.

We read of these early Lay folks, selling all they possessed, of their coming to live in the shadows of God's chosen ministers. We read of their dwelling near convents and monasteries, where they shared their earnings in common, where they opened their homes as hospices to travellers and pilgrims, to the sick, the lame, the halt and the blind. We read of their corporal and spiritual works of mercy. We read how they went about "preaching the Gospel," literally, as well as by living its shining principles, and how they brought many a convert into the Church of God who otherwise might never have known the Church.

Into the so called "Dark Ages" of Medievalism, which (we are finding out now) were so full of light . . . God's light . . . these Lay Apostles of the Lord found their way, in various organizations, as auxiliaries of Religious Orders or as tertiaries, still "preaching the Gospel."

Then Came Luther

Then came the Reformation, and a fight for the very essential dogmas and verities of God, by which His Church had its being. That four hundred year long fight demanded, per force, the specially trained minds of the priests. Slowly, the Lay Apostolate took a secondary place. For a while it was almost lost sight of, though its memory lingered in many hearts.

The fruits of the Reformation were not slow in maturing. Socialism, of a certain type. Communism. Atheism. Materialism. Neo paganism. They grew — almost simultaneously. And once more the Laity came into its own. This time it was called to the ranks by the Vicar of Christ on earth, called in accents unmistakable called by a voice filled with longing and need, with sorrow, with unshed tears . . . and also with a new courage and a new hope.

CATHOLIC ACTION IS THE PARTICIPATION OF THE LAITY IN THE APOSTOLATE OF THE HIERARCHY . . . said the Pope. He went on, to stress the glorious fact that the laity too belong to the Royal Priesthood of Christ, in their own fashion, and by the means of their Baptism and Confirmation. He made it clear too that ALL CATHOLICS ARE CALLED TO THIS APOSTOLATE OF CATHOLIC ACTION . . . FROM THE AGE OF REASON TO THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Many Are Called

Many there were who heard this call and arose to answer it. Some of these

felt they should, like the lay people of old, sell all they owned, take up Christ's Cross, and follow Him into the by-ways, the alley-ways, into the Market Place where His name was seldom spoken. They banded themselves into groups; becoming, as it were, specially trained Commandos of God.

There were some who wanted to devote all their time to the Lay Apostolate. There were some who determined to give their whole lives.

In my next letter we will discuss this at greater length. In the meantime, pray to the Holy Ghost for an increase in all vocations.



IN HIS NAME . . .

Ceylon . . . Jaffna . . . Navanturai. People going to a church that is simply a collection of wooden posts covered with palm leaves, dream of a brick and mortar edifice to honor their patron, Our Lady, Queen of Heaven. A sum of \$3,000 will go far to make their dream come true. Can you supply any part of it?

Write to Rev. Fr. V. R. Tarcisius, O.M.I., Navanturai, Jaffna, Ceylon, or to his bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. J. A. Guyomar, O.M.I., Jaffna.

India . . . The Province of Assam. A vast vineyard of Christ. Thousands and thousands of miles of it . . . and ONLY a hundred priests for all of it . . . Among them St. John Bosco walks in his sons. They need money . . . Mass Intentions. Help for their littleness in all this vastness. Will you send them an offering? M. UGUET S. D. B. SALESIAN PROVINCE OF NORTHERN INDIA . . . 15 PORTUGUESE CHURCH STR., CALCUTTA, INDIA.

Have you a heart to give? A soul to set on fire? A life to throw at Christ's feet with a song? Then go . . . via a letter . . . to FATHER ALEXANDER KORTE OSBAND, PRIOR, SAINT MAUR'S PRIORY, SOUTH UNION, KENTUCKY . . . AND OFFER YOUR HEART . . . KINDLE YOUR SOUL . . . THROW YOUR LIFE AT CHRIST'S FEET. He is waiting for you there. To serve Him in an INTERRACIAL BENEDICTINE VOCATION.



The Sacraments And Processions

A great book has just been published by the Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee; and if you can't afford to buy it now, save up your nickels and dimes. It is the Roman Ritual, Vol. 1, treating on "The Sacraments and Processions," as its companion book, published some time ago, devoted itself to the various blessings of the Church.

The Sacraments and Processions, with red edges, retails for \$8.75; with gold edges for \$9.75. That is, of course, in American money, and in the continental U.S.A.

The author is the Rev. Philip T. Weller.

The book gives us, in Latin and English, and "with rubrics and planechant notations," a close-up of our religion. And how much more glorious and beautiful that religion becomes in this close-up! By means of this book we can now see clearly many things that were obscure. We can appreciate, in the light it sheds, mysteries we did not even notice. And O how it clarifies the "Latin mumbling" of the priest as he confers the sacraments upon us.

Let me give you an idea . . . about Communion for the sick, for instance. Father Weller gives us all the details of the priest's coming into the sickroom. Then:

Upon entering the sickroom the priest says:

V. Peace be unto this home.

R. And unto all that dwell herein.

Having spread the corporal, he places the Sacrament upon the table, adores it with a genuflection, and lays aside the humeral veil, the while all present kneel. Taking holy water he sprinkles the sick person and the room, saying the antiphon:

Sprinkle me with hyssop, O Lord, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Ps. 50. Be merciful to me, O God, for great is thy goodness. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, etc.

The antiphon Sprinkle me is repeated.

Then he continues:

V. Our help is in the name of the Lord.

R. Who made heaven and earth . . .

With the aid of this book, Mr. and Mrs. Layman, you can follow the priest through the sacraments, through processions, through the Forty Hours Devotion, and through other ceremonies, even as, through your missal, you follow him through the sacrifice of the Mass.

The book is recommended for every Catholic home in which the English language is used.

FOR SEMINARIANS ONLY

By A. MacKinnon

People are showing a lot of interest these days in France's Apostolic Movement, known as Mission Paris. The story of Mission Paris is the story of a group of priests who go to the Paris factories and work side by side, hour for hour, with the rest of the men. They live in the same sectors of the city as do those with whom they work. They dress like workmen and they stretch the

got to wondering out loud about the summer holidays. A not infrequent ailment among seminarians.

This particular group had been studying about Catholic Action and the Lay Apostolate they must some day guide and direct. And so someone came up with the suggestion—why not get out among the workers during the summer and work side by side with them? See and feel their problems! Talk and discuss with them! Inspire by good example! And, all the while, earn enough cold cash to buy that indispensable SUMMA THEOLOGICA before next term makes its learned appearance. Now



same skimpy wages to cover the necessities of life. By special dispensation they say Mass each day in the houses where they live.

These working priests have but one purpose in this unique form of the Apostolate—to acquire a clearer and more sympathetic understanding of the problems and the difficulties of the workers. And to afford the workers a right insight into the aims and the purpose of the priestly life.

Some time ago a friend of mine sent me a copy of a little magazine that is edited and mimeographed in the seminary where he is studying theology. One of the articles that interested me was an account of how a group of the seminarians spent their last year's holidays.

What Happened?

It was strikingly similar to the pattern laid down by Mission Paris. I think that the experience of these young men will be of considerable value to other seminarians in Canada and the United States who read the pages of RESTORATION. So I will tell you what happened.

It all came about this way. During the long, cold Canadian winter months, a small group of zealous seminarians

there is a good idea everyone agreed. So the plan was adopted.

Field—A Coal Mine

In preparation for this summer experiment the seminarians held frequent meetings to lay plans for action. Catholic Action, of course. They intensified their study of Social Problems, study-club techniques, etc. They even took a look at what St. Thomas had to say in a certain treatise entitled "De Prudentia." Shortly after the sem closed, the eight members met at the appointed field of action—a coal mine. They got jobs in the mine and started to function as a Catholic Action cell.

In the fall the ex-miners were together again in the seminary, this time wearing cassocks and birettas instead of overalls and miners' caps. And in surroundings conducive to study and discussion, they took stock of the success and the failures of their experiment in the field of Catholic Action.

Under the heading "Good Points" were listed the following: (1) The company of fellow Seminarians during the summer holidays served as a protection and in inspiration. (2) They had an opportunity to taste the monotony, the drudgery, and the hardships that come into the

life of the working man. (3) There were chances galore to discuss social and religious problems, especially since the men knew they were from a seminary. (4) From a spiritual point of view, it was their best summer. Spiritual reading, the rosary, and a short examen, were made in common by the group every day. They were able in this way to keep up these practices of their sem day.

Prayer Essential

After listing the good points, the article of which I am speaking gave the points in which the group believed they failed to some extent. First they listed a lack of "a deep realization that prayer and sacrifice are absolutely necessary in any apostolic work, and more important than words and actions."

They found that it was much easier to realize this truth in the seminary, where everything lends itself to spiritual thinking, than during the summer with its many distractions. Under the heading of points in which they failed to some extent was also listed the fact that they did not show sufficient interest in the problems of the working men. This was attributed to fear of imprudent action and lack of knowledge rather than to lack of zeal.

This is the era of the Lay Apostolate. An apostolate that is here to stay. But the success or failure of the Lay Apostolate will depend not on the layman but on the priests. This may seem rather paradoxical but it is nevertheless true. Priests must know and understand the layman's grudges and gripes, his problems and his prejudices.

GEMS SET BY PAUL HARRIS

My whole strength lies in prayer and sacrifice; these are my invincible weapons; and experience has taught me that the heart (of others) is won by them rather than by words.—St. Therese of the Child Jesus.

Give me an army that prays well and I will conquer all enemies.—Pope Pius IX.

It's all right to drink like a fish if you drink what the fish does.—Catholic Digest.

It is not given to all to preach and to perform great works, but who is there that is incapable of prayer, of humility, and of love?—St. Augustine.

The Last Rates First

The last act of pure love is of more value to the Church than all other works together.—St. John of the Cross.

WANT A GOOD BOOK?

"City of Kings," a play by the Rev. Urban Nagle, O.P., which won one of the Christopher awards in 1949, has been made into a book. It is published by the Christopher Press, Rochester, and sells for \$2.25.

The book is illustrated with four photographs of scenes from the theatre production, which depict Blessed Martin de Porres in four stages of his spiritual development.

Of course you knew the play was about Martin.

That is not the only reason that this reviewer likes it. Father Urban manages to pack a lot of Catholic doctrine into his splendid drama; and somehow he arranges to make his hero seem just as alive in print as he is behind the footlights . . . which is hard to do.

Care to hear some of his lines? Here's Martin talking to one of the novices, a young fellow who needs just such a lecture.

"When you were very much younger — and two months ago you were very much younger — you looked inside this beautiful cloister and you saw the stained glass windows coloring the rich tiles, and you said to yourself 'Inside that gate, there's peace' . . . And you started immediately by looking for a hair shirt, a hard bed, and coarse food. And you weren't fitted to a hair shirt that first day, and the bed wasn't as hard as you hoped, and the food wasn't as repulsive as you expected it to be. So you thought that the Dominicans had fallen on soft and evil days, and you took stock of these worthless fellows around you — and you were righteously disillusioned."

At this point the young man reminds Martin that he, a mere lay brother, wears a hair shirt. Martin answers:

"That's because I'm very weak about as simple a matter as obedience. I want to bring all the sick and orphans in here, in spite of superiors and constitutions. Don't try to confuse me by talking about what I do. I am particularly unworthy of this Order, and have to take on special things . . . But you'll learn that the greatest hair shirt and hard bed and coarse food consists in learning to love those around you—in making allowances for their weariness—in helping them. And you must love them, for that is the first and greatest commandment."

I think you will be glad to have this book—to read it again and again at your leisure.

RESTORATION, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA

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